

XXX.

But ah! what Maid to Love can trust?

He scorns, and breaks all Legal Power:

Into her Breast his Hand He thrust;

And in a Moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do those Fingers rove,

Cries CLOE, treacherous Urchin, whither?

O VENUS! I shall find thy DOVE,

Says He; for sure I touch his Feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

AS CLOE came into the Room t'other Day,

I peevish began; Where so long cou'd You stay?

In your Life-time You never regarded your Hour:

You promis'd at Two; and (pray look Child) 'tis Four.

A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels:

'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals.

A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear——

Thus far I went on with a resolute Air:

Lord blefs Me! said She; let a Body but speak:

Here's an ugly hard Rose-Bud fall'n into my Neck:

It has hurt Me, and vext Me to such a Degree——

See here; for You never believe Me; pray see,

On the left Side, my Breast what a Mark it has made.

So saying, her Bosom She carelessly display'd;

That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd;

And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

Z

MER-